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The Basis Of Indian Nationality

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BY
Dr. T. S. S. RAJAN

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BY

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M.R.C.S., (England); L.R.C.P., (London)

WITH A PREFACE BY

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PREFACE

The existence of a nationality in itself does not serve any useful purpose for the preservation and promotion of its commonweal. The fact of our national existence is true whether it is acadamically disputed or undisputed. But it is the consciousness of one's nationality and the pride of it that keeps the Nation alive from stagnation and decay. Especially a subject nation requires constantly to be brought to its mind of the sense of its nationality and its pride kept ablaze. In our land, India, with a distinctive geographical position with natural impassable boundaries there is no doubt that it is peopled with one united nation with superior and unique physical mental and spiritual features. Positively we have more claims for a national unit than other western nationalities who have only their geographical and language distinction. With these feeble national distinctions the western nations give up their blood and

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life for their national honour. The foundations of our nationality were laid strong and deep from pre-historic times and the ranges of time and invasions have not disturbed it. Then the cause of our lethargy and want of patriotism is due to our not being conscious of our individuality. Not only that our pride had been kept unkindled but a hostile press aud a duped section of our brethern in season and out of season were condemning our social organisations and undermining the foundations of the unity of our nationality. The English educated classes are mostly responsible for their denationalisation and want of the right kind of patriotism.

Patriotism means the love for the nation, its character and its institutions. It is not the love for this compound of silicates. Further a king orders war against another nation. There are differences of opinion among the people about the righteousness of the war. In spite of differences all bow to the command of their Soverign. Those who question the righteousness of the war

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are unpatriotic and are rightly charged for treason. When that is the loyal obedience even for a temporal power what should be the regard and implicit obedience to a spiritual ancestor whom the nation loves and regards and whose dictates are not actuated by personal gains or losses and who had developed a superhuman personality ? The national art and external forms like dress, hair dressing, putting marks on the forehead, all these should be respected and loyally followed. These forms preserve and develop the feeling of nationality. While nothing is gained by altering these forms a great harm is done by such alterations which would mean that our ancient sages and laws are disrespected. People with sincere motives should pray for God's enlightenment to show them the path to work. We may keep quite from doing anything rather than doing harm.

To undo the harm we have to exert ourselves. The great preservers of our nationlity have been our woman, our spiritual heads, the masses who have not come in

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contact with the demoralising forces and our teachers and Katha performers. Having reckoned these forces, attempts are being made to effect "Social conquests" on these forces and deaden their sense of national consiciousness. The woman are "made civilized" by recreation clubs started at "forward" places. There they are taught "civilisation" to play at cards and Tennis, talk English and play on Harmoniums or Pianos.

Missionary Schools are being started and christian mistresses are engaged on private, Municipal or Board Schools and there our daughters who had preserved our original civilisation as handed down by our parents have now to sit for knowledge under these teachers. Besides as pointed out in this booklet religious heads lower themselves by attending to temporal activities without looking after their enjoined duty. This is degradation indeed. It would be hopeless for India if some of these forces are not neutralised. Religious Sanyasins, Mendicants, and Fakirs should exist. Social

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ostracism and people's praise and censure at the congregations, at bathing ghat or temples should continue. Rows of houses characteristic of our Indian towns check individual excesses a youth is liable to, as it brings him under public criticism. Joint family system has no reason to be condemned. When a westerner conducts joint business concerns on a more extensive scale with strangers as partners of companies should we not be able to live together with someof the near relations of the same family. The control and union of the individuals are really praiseworthy in this system. This is a distinctive national institution. A better co-operative system is yet to be established. Our education should be recast and institutions for education on the old Gurukula type should be established. Katha performers should be lavishly subsidised and they should be asked to give performances in villages on our religious and social greatness. Fakirs and Saints should preach to the house-holders. These are the remedies to rouse ourselves to our national

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consciousness and national duties and obligations.

These sentiments coming from a Nambudri-like orthodox brahmin like myself who has not travelled outside India and who could not stretch his philanthropic ideas outside the Indian nation would have counted for nothing. But, the ideas in this booklet by my friend Dr. Rajan who has studied and weighed the civilisation and character of the different nations of the world at their own doors is worth the perusal of all sincere sons of our land who have the capacity and mind to do something for our national welfare. Dr. Rajan's opinion is sure to command the greatest consideration at the hands of our westernised men whose respect and regard for the old day people have been badly undermined. Dr. Rajan is certainly not a man of contradictions; with genuine feelings he weighed the western civilisation with ours in an impartial balance and found them to be flimsy and ephemeral. Such books as this are welcome at this time of our transition.

K. V. RENGASWAMI AYYENGAR,

Srirangam.

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A FOREWORD

To say a few words about a book which speaks for itself, may at first sight seem superfluous, but tradition and the subject-matter dealt with do require a little preface. The necessity for such a book need not be much emphasised. To put it briefly it is a book of the hour. The only claim of the author for such a work is that he has seen life in the west with an eastern eye and as such, his conclusions are worthy of perusal by those who have the welfare of the nation at heart.

India is in a stage of transition and very powerful forces are being brought to bear on her from varied sources. The effect of this has been to inaugurate a change in the life and thought of the nation and the future of our race depends on the healthy and right development of ideas that grow out of this change. Imitation is human weakness ; but it is highly detrimental to a race which is materially weak, to merely copy the methods

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of a strong and vigorous one. Spiritual and moral greatness is more sustaining than physical one, but when a nation is devitalized by chronic subjection, it loses the frame of mind which can appreciate such greatness.

Once a certain man had the peculiar power of grunting exactly like a pig; so much so, that whenever he grunted where pigs where grazing, they would all turn round to see if any new member had come into their fold. This man's fame spread abroad and he began a tour to obtain money by means of his art. Wherever he went, he erected a pandal and issued tickets for admission, all of which got exhausted very soon—such was the eagerness of the people to hear him grunt. While he was thus making money in a village, a sage happened to pass by with his disciples, and it struck him that he could teach a good lesson to them through this incident. Accordingly he ordered a small pandal to be erected and advertised that even better grunting could be heard there than in the other pandal and

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that free of cost. The people were naturally very eager to hear it and they rushed in. What did the sage do? He brought a pig before them and squeezing it a little, made it grunt. Really the grunt was much better than the man's, but the people exclaimed "pooh! is this all? We hear this every day but what is there in it? It is nothing wonderful" and went away. In spite of the loud tom-tom which he engaged, not one would enter his pandal, while that of the man-pig was crowded to suffocation every few minutes. At this, the sage addressing his pupils said "here is a splendid lesson for us. Men seldom care for reality, but always go in far imitation".

This story illustrates the frailties of human nature. A strong nation resists all imitation but a weak one succumbs to it. An effort is made in this booklet to explain the fundamental principles underlying the Indian nation and how a development on these lines would alone conduce to our national well-being. The development of the national mind has to go on indegenous

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lines if it is to be a real one and must be engineered and controlled by the members of that particular nation. For, each race represents a particular civilization, a special mode of thought and has contributed its own share in the evolution of human life. It is only on these lines that growth is possible. There is no use discussing which one particular civilization is better than the other, because no two of them serve the same purpose.

Now take the rise of Japan. For full two thousand years, Japan had a peaceful life as far as the rest of the world is concerned and her existence was known and felt by the fine silk fabrics and her artistic products of fine art. She was not counted as a great power then. But a few years ago she was able to kill many thousands of men in battle and from that day she is considered a world-power, and her claim is admitted to rank among civilized nations. The capricious standard set up by the educated western world is not of universal application and even in the west it is assailed in many

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quarters. Men like Dr. Wallace and Dr. Huxley have criticised it in scathing terms. Miss. Marie Corelli writing to a magazine says" civilization is a great word. It reads well—it is used everywhere—it bears itself proudly in the language. It is a big mouthful of arrogance and self-sufficing. The very sound of it flatters our vanity and testifies to the good opinion we have of ourselves. We boast of civilization as if we were really civilized, just as we talk of Christianity as if we were really christians. Yet it is all the veriest game of make-believe for we are mere savages still; savages in "the lust of the eye and pride of life" savages in our national prejudices and animosities, our jealousies, our greed and malice, and savages in our relentless efforts to over-reach or pull down each other in social and business relations".

The writer has tried to bring out the underlying principles of our Dharma as it ought to be practised in our everyday life. The position of women in society, their rightful place in it and their duties in life

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as is understood by us is well explained. In these days of vociferous reform, it is better to consider the claims of the author with regard to female education, widow marriage and such other questions as are agitating the public mind. The writer has quoted the words of men like Sir George Birdwood, A. Kumaraswami and Sir Rabindranath Tagore in support of his conclusions.

Religion as a factor in our national life has been very well emphasised. In India at any rate, progress of any description is impossible without a strong religious background for it. During prehistoric times the ten avathars of Vishnu has been more or less connected with different stages of our social and political evolution. It is in the name of and with the help of the God-man on earth that we have moved forward. In the historical times, the rise of Asoka's Empire was the practical outcome of Buddha's elevating and invigorating ideals of life. Literature developed to its highest pitch, and the Asokan Empire was a force and a reality and goodness and greatness

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blessed the land. The age of Sankara was no less creditable. Political and social progress followed in its wake. Emperor Akbar attained his popularity by the strength of the new religion which he preached. The rise of Maharatta power was the outcome of the saints like Ramadoss and Thukaram. The Sikh history owes its existence to the great gurus Nanak and Govind whose spiritual inspiration made them the power they were. India has been great only when her religious instincts were properly aroused to their full consciousness. If progress should come now it must be by the strength and force of her religion and in any national work, this predominant factor should never be forgotten.

The essence of caste system is well explained and a persual of the argument by the author shows that caste system is inherent in human nature—nay, even more, it is essential for its very life. The mechanism of the human body which is selected as a model for the organisation of caste is well thought out and appropriate. The

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underlying principle of caste system is ignored now-a-days and an indiscriminate condemnation has become the fashion. Supposing the impossible happens and caste system is killed outright, even then, social class distinctions based either on wealth as in the west or on purely official preferment and patronage like the Eurasians of India, are sure to crop up giving rise to the same jealsies and worse heart-rendings than what we witness now-a-days. Swami Vivekananda once said, that of all countries on earth it is in India alone that poverty is not considered a crime. Nay it is more; poverty is worshipped and adored. The penniless sannyasin and poverty stricken pundit Brahmin are venerated even by crowned heads. Such a phenomena is rare to witness in any other clime or civilization. Our institutions have always aimed at giving greater preference to ethical and moral considerations than to material ones. Self-interest is the predominent feature of the materialistic civilizations whereas self-sacrifice is the key note of all ethical

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culture. It is on this latter fact our society is developed and unless that is understood it is not possible to effect any true reform.

P. N. Bose in his masterly work on the epochs of civilization says "The Western Nations " are playing the man " to strive to seek, to find." But the question naturally obtrudes itself, to find what? A spectator from the oriental view-point may well ask of what avail is the victory of the western "grown man " which is achieved not by love, mercy, and self-sacrifice, but by the path which lies over the misery of countless fellow creatures in all quarters of the globe, and which does not secure the tranquility and beatitude begotten of righteousness and concord, but brings in sisyphean misery and disquiet engendered by unsatisfied desire, insatiable greed and perpetual discord?"

Such misgivings need not happen with regard to our social progress if we bear in mind the true national ideals that underlie our civilisation. Our past history will help us a good deal in this direction—not the

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history of the recent past, which is but a record of self-oblivion and a strange hypnotic obsession which made our illustrous past incongruous, but the past which produced living and memorable heroes who moulded the destiny of our nation in the days of her prestine glory. In that historic past alone we shall find a clue to our present progress. No amount of foreign thought and culture will make us really great. No nation can ever succeed by seeking to live upon the achievements of another. In the notes in the Prabudha Barata of August 15 the writer says "no people can take any other for its model. But when circumstances demand that the good points in the life of one people have to be adopted into the life of another, the latter has first to make sure that *it is already living its own life.* Only a living nation can really and truly absorb what is good in another living nation. Our past history has settled once for all our own mode of living in and for this world; the idea for which we should live, the form of collective life through which that idea is to

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be realised, the tune to which we should adjust the harp of time all these have been fixed for us, and if we have to adopt variations on the surface, they must also be attuned to the key-note."

The geographical unity of India as a factor in our national development receives some attention towards the end of the book. Besides these mentioned in this little volume, there are many other factors in our nation that require mention, but all these are beyond the scope of a work like this. In substance, this work is the embodiment of a lecture which the author delivered at Kumbakonam about a year ago. Dr. Rajan is not new to the public. His brochure on "Transition in India" which was so well received both by the public and the press, needs no comment. The views which he has set forth in this book deserves the careful consideration of all right-minded people. Social progress does not always mean physical comforts, luxury and survival of the physically fit, but it means something more —the development of the mind and the inner

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man as well. Says Huxley "social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process ; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best."

A GRAHASTA SANNIYASI.

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NATION—what a tremendous flow of ideas does this single word evoke in the mind of every thinking man! The aggregate experiences of centuries, the sum total of the culture of a race, the share it has contributed towards the evolution of modern humanity, the ideal which it represents and which has guided its destiny through all the ages, are some of its features. It is indeed very difficult to conceive of any nation without its particular chart of life and the part it has played in the past. It is often declared by hostile and unthinking

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critics that Indian peoples are not and do not constitute a nation. As proofs thereof the facts exhibited are many and unfortunately apparently true. They say that India consists of many races, many nationalities, speaking diverse languages with different manners and customs, that India is a mere geographical unit politically dismembered till the advent of British rule. All this is believed in as gospel by many of our young men, and the sorry spectacle of their ignorance is appalling.

Of all the races in the world it is India alone that could boast of a National continuity, unshaken even by violent and vigorous onslaughts. The peculiar trait of the Hindu race is one of assimilation and never of isolation. Every impact of the foreigner has been to her good in some way or other, but the main features of her existence have never been bodily altered. If the ancestors of the modern Europeans were to come back to their old homes, I am sure, they would not be able to identify their own progeny. So much are the nations of the

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west changed to-day both in their habits of life and modes of thought, that it is impossible to affirm that they exhibit any continuity of race-culture. Whereas here the orthodox Brahmin of to-day is exactly the prototype of his ancestor of five or six thousand years ago, with no more alteration in him than that of a little slackness in the rigorous adhesion to the ordinances of law. His way of life, his habits of thought, are in the main the same and he has not yet become a historical curiosity.

This exhibition of race-consciousness is the greatest bulwark against a national disintegration and many are the factors in our social and religious aspects of life that conduce towards its well being. The first element of a national life is the influence of home and its presiding deity—the mother. Where the home is intact, free from the inroads of foreign aggression, there the national instinct is kept true and genuine. The home life in India is a characteristic feature of our national organisation. It is unique in itself and quite unlike those of

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other countries. The strong and intimate influence of religion in matters social and moral, in our everyday life, has conserved the best traits of our character from pollution. Changes in the political constitution of the country, the whims and wayward fancies of one and all the adventurous foreigners that have established themselves in our land have not very much affected our domestic environments. Even the glamour of the materialistic civilization of the west has not dazzled the eyes of many of us, though we are constrained by the sheer force of circumstances, to think and live the thoughts of the west.

The moment our young man is out of the portals of an educational institution, where he has confined himself purely and solely with the motive of getting a passport qualifying him for a decent competance in life, he washes himself clean off the accretions of a few years and begins life an utter novice guided by influences which are most powerful round him—his wife, his parents, in short, his whole family. The real national

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education begins here, and for him who has won honours and academic distinctions, the real guru is his unlettered mother or wife, rich in national traditions, cultured by experience and sober modesty—the outcome of a really educative social and religious home atmosphere. The life-long devotion of the young girl therein to a villainous husband, with Sita and Savitri as her ideal, with her fasts and prayers for the well being of her lord, unworthy as he may be, is a sight grand in heroic simplicity and utter self-forgetfullness. Where there is an individual in the family, small and ignorant as she may be, ready to lay down her all—even her very life for the welfare of the rest, there indeed, lives the Goddes of Virtue. Every Indian home is, even to-day, blessed with such gigantic spiritual personalities and it is to them we owe the origin of our national consciousness.

Free from the trammels of a breadwinning and denationalising education, our women have preserved for us our national culture through ages of antagonistic influ-

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ences, to which, we, men have subjected ourselves. The moment we enter our homes, we enter a new atmosphere. Our dress changes, our language becomes the medium of communication, our ways of life become Indian to the core and our women are our rulers. In spite of all those horrid things said and depicted both by interested reformers, and by the enemies of our national culture, about the slavery of our women, I believe, our women enjoy greater freedom in domestic life than any in the world. Freedom does not consist in dragging a woman about with you wherever you may go. Nor does it consist in allowing them to talk as they like and do as they like. Women are still members of society and society has got a right to say as to what they shall do and shall not do. It is of this healthy restraint that our women are still such perfect specimens of wives and mothers. We have not produced amongst us any number of women unwilling to share the responsibilities of a married life, nor have our institutions given rise to

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an army of helpless spinsters and widows. Ill-treatment of women by men exist all over the world,—even in the civilised countries of the west. Woman, being the weaker of the two sexes, exposes herself naturally to the attacks of a man in whom the element of the brute is predominant. Where man descends to be a brute, or even worse than that, for brutes respect their womankind much more than we, men, are sometimes prone to do, then all moral laws are thrown asunder and who is to blame—the man or the civilization? Nowhere has it been written in our Smirithis that women ought to be thrashed. On the contrary they have assigned a place to women as no other code of morals has done. We have not produced thousands of suffragettes, the terror of the modern English politicians nor are our women averse to bear the burdens of motherhood. Motherhood is held in great veneration in our land and carries with it an unwritten law of honour and dignity. The ambition of every girl is to become a mother and every one

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who knows India knows the miserable agony of a barren woman. She is the butt of redicule, and the pointing finger of scorn is at her everywhere as one who has not fulfilled the sacred duties of life. Youth and beauty, health and fresh looks count for little in a women if she has no children. Society ignores that woman. Blessed are those giants that built our social fabric on the unshaken principles of eternal laws that guide mankind. Mere incompatibility of temper cannot and will not procure a divorce of marriage as in the west and marriage is something more than a mere physical union and how can trifling misunderstandings sever an union of an ultra physical bondage. But as fates would have it, such divorce laws prevail mostly in countries where marriage takes place after the age of discretion and after long and wearisome and often meaningless courting of months and years. We have not an overstocked matrimonial market. Behind the Indian women, lie the great traditions of the women of our land, women, of history

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and myth, women, strong in love and war, sainthood, in submission and in learning. She is still a guarded flame, nurtured by genuine ideals. She has not to struggle for a living in a competitive society, but is free to be herself, to be true to her calling in life. They are our greatest national asset and the strongest bulwark against race deterioration. If ever India is to resume her position as a nation amongst the nations of the world, it shall be by the conserved energy of our women folk. Their unalloyed national spirit will course through the veins of millions of India's sons in years to come and they will assert their rightful place when opportunities present themselves. Therefore let those well-wishers of India, who have the regeneration of the race at heart, not tamper with the condition of our women thoughtlessly. Let us not try to anglicise our women like ourselves. To us, western education is necessary because it is profitable but for them it is rank poison. It will degenerate our homes, and knock away the keystone of our

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national fabric. The Archdeacon of Madras said in 1908 "Education is valued in India not so much because it is enlightening as because it is profitable." It procures for some of us at any rate a job which we are incapable of getting by any other means. Our women have no necessity for that sort of education we are having to-day. The education of to-day is well-described by that veteran Anglo-Indian Sir George Birdwood. Says he "Our education has destroyed their love of their own literature, the quickening soul of a people, and their delight in their own arts, and worst of all, their repose in their own traditional and national religion. It has disgusted them with their own homes—their parents, their sisters, their very wives. It has brought discontent into every family so far as its baneful influences have reached." If such were the effects of the present educational system on our men, imagine what it will be in the case of our women. No one can be the educators of our women who has not inherited our traditions. Take for instance

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the Mistresses of those institutions which are maintained by our Government. They are as a class particularly unfitted to be the educators of our future mothers. They are perfectly ignorant of those ideals which conduce to the production of perfect womanhood which adorned the pages of our history. Many of them have had no educational qualifications worth mentioning. They know the three R's and have very poor knowledge of history, art, and literature of our land. They have a modern primary or secondary school certificate and it is at their feet that daughters of Anasuya, Arunthathi etc., have to learn their first lessons in life. To what sorry depths of degradation and dark days have we come to.

Let all thinking men remember that the first sods of earth for the national grave are being dug by these apparently benevolent institutions. Whatever happens let the education of our girls be in our own hands, so that, powerless as we are in our case, we may yet save our race by making our women the guardians of our culture. The

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education we receive is wellknown by what we are. Says the Prophet " By their fruits ye shall know them." Ananda K. Coomaraswami writes in his book, on nationalism; " The most crushing indictment of this education (modern English Education in India) is the fact that it destroys, in the great majority of those upon whom it is inflicted, all capacity for the appreciation of Indian Culture. Speak to the ordinary graduates of the Indian University of the ideals of the Mahabharata—he will hasten to display his knowledge of Shakespere; talk to him of religious philosophy—you will find that he is an atheist of the crude type common in Europe a generation ago, and that not only has he no religion but he is as lacking in philosophy as the average Englishman; talk to him of Indian music—he will produce a gramaphone or harmonium, and inflict upon you one or both, talk to him of Indian dress or jewellery—he will tell you that they are uncivilized and barbaric; talk to him of Indian art—it is news to him that such a thing exists, ask him to translate for you a letter

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written in his own mother tongue—he does not know it. He is indeed a stranger in his own land." Of course this description may border on the land of exaggeration but most of it is absolutely true except the knowledge of the vernaculars. Very often our young men do not know to speak chaste Tamil. They have no fluency in it and some think it degrading to speak on occasions in their mother tongue. Such are some of the effects of our education. Certainly it is given to us to save our women from it. Let us all beware—Civilization in the west has made her woman much poorer than she ever was. Strength has been made indispensable in every walk of life. There is no place for the weak even if he were a man and much less where women are concerned. The great demand now is for work and for strength. English boys often cut jokes about hysterical girls. The knowing wink of the young man when a girl talks of nerves is a pretty common sight. But where a girl is forward, and exhibits what is commonly called—dash, they say she has push in her.

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Thus it is that women are half ashamed of their femininity and they are trying to prove that they have strength as well as feeling. This is the cause of unrest amongst the women in the west.

During my stay in the western countries well-intending wives of missionaries used to talk of the slavery of our women and of the ways of our cruel men who keep them in ignorance and misery. It is a great pity that such sympathy—a rare commodity, is being wasted on a most undeserving object. Our women with their simple ornaments and cheerful faces have made our homes sweet and delightful by their love and tenderness. We are all quite happy with them and they too have never complained that they are unhappy. The great Poet Rabindranath Tagore has a parable which runs thus :—"If through the evolution of civilization the fish were suddenly to develop into philanthropists, their sympathetic hearts would never find peace without plunging the whole human race in a deep mossy pond." Thus it is impossible for us

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to make the sympathetic Europeans realise that we are happy. Our ways of life are different. To us happiness is inside our home and to them outside it. We believe that the happiness of women lies in loving and in being beloved. An Englishman may imagine that a woman cannot be happy unless she knows to play lawn tennis or dance well at balls. It may be that our belief may be one of our pet superstitions but all the same it is a fact.

Where love is wanting or absent as in the case of our widows, we employ her resources most beneficially. Whereas the old maids in Europe who occupy a similar station in life as our widows do not fare half so well. The poet of Bengal to whom I have refered to just now says "It will not be unfair to compare the old maid of English society with the girl-widow of India. The two classes form nearly the same proportion of their respective population. Outwardly their lot is the same, but there is a marked difference between the two in one respect. The Hindu widow's feminine nature never

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gets a chance of growing sterile by lying arid, vacant and waste. Her lap is never bare, her arms never idle, her heart never unattached. She acts, now as a mother (to her nephews), now as a daughter, now as a companion (to her sisters-in-law). Thus throughout life she remains tender, full-hearted, affectionate, engaged in the service of others. The children of the (joint) family are born before her eyes, and grow up in her arms. To the other girls of the house she is attached by the ties of many years joys, and sorrows, love and comraderie. With the male members of the family her relation is manifold—that of tender care, respectful devotion, and merry playfulness. She is not denied a share in the household work which women naturally love. And meanwhile she has time also for reading the Ramayanam, the Mahabaratham or a Puranam or two and for the loving task of drawing the children round her knees in the evening to tell them stories. Nay, a wife has sometimes the wish and the leisure to keep kittens or green parrots; but a

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Hindu widow leaves no corner of her heart unoccupied (by useful loving service) for the indulgence of such frivolous tastes." Sir. G. Birdwood says of the products of the Hindu marriage system in India as it prevailed in his time, "Perfect daughters, wives, mothers, after the severely disciplined self-sacrificing Hindu ideal, remaining modestly at home as the proper sphere of their duties, unknown beyond the families and seeking in the happiness of their children greatest pleasure, and in the reverence of their husbands the amaranthine crown of a woman's truest glory."

Thus we see that we owe a good deal and a great deal to our women. Our love for them is so great that we cannot bear to be away for long from our home and country. Their ideal in life is the type of a perfect Hindu ideal—that great ideal which has preserved and enlivened all living races, that ideal that inspires all good thoughts and actions in all human minds, that ideal which is the key-note of all happiness—it is the ideal of self-sacrifice—so nobly uttered

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by the great Vedic Seers of our land; the utter giving up of our small self—the ego in us—to realise the great self, the universal ego. Behind even every trivial action of our lives, behind every apparent superstition or faith lie this great ideal of self-sacrifice.

The second great bulwark of our nation is the influence of Religion. That it has a great deal to do with us as a race there need be no doubt. Experience and observation have taught the all-powerful rulers of our land that we are very sensitive about our religion and they have very wisely avoided interfering with it unless we voluntarily seek their help. They have left us to manage our affairs in that sphere as best as we may. But some of our educated men would not allow it. They must needs go to a court of law to appoint trustees for our temples and sometimes even to appoint sannyasins for our holy mutts. Labelled incapacity is the order of the day and abject helplessness is its consequence. With some it is a fashion to abuse religious mendicants.

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as if they are the cause of India's down-fall. Little do they know the part that these homeless wanderers have played, and still play in our religious history. From ages past, against all evil fortunes to which we have been exposed as a race, these holy men have guarded our literature and traditions. If there is in India to-day anything that could be counted as a check on society, whether Hindu or Mahomedan, it is the influence of the sannyasis. Mendicants there are all over the world and they exist in some form or other. Beggars are concomitant of all civilizations ancient and modern. Unscrupulous beggars have very often taken refuge in pious robes at all times. Where unscrupulous men increase in society there they try to trade on popular sentiments. Is this the fault of Sannyasihood or of the degeneration of the character of the race ? Even to-day religious mendicants in India are not a very bad lot though they are a much abused class. When once he becomes a religious beggar, he has to learn something of our mythology, puranas, epics and even a

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little of Vedanta. He learns the art of expressing noble sentiments in popular language. He knows ballad songs, palmistry and gives small recipes for common ailments. And for all his labour what does he get—a handful of rice—perhaps a piece of an old cloth and at best a copper or two and with these magnificent emoluments he disappears, God knows where ; yet many of us consider them wasters, while we do precious little for our neighbours. Of course, there are rogues amongst their class but where are they not? Are there not rogues in the well groomed, decent looking gentlemen of the society who by cunning devices swallow millions of the poor man's hard earned savings of a life-time and yet live almost scot free. Not a single soul raises his little finger at these villainous potentates. An enthusiastic but not very valiant correspondent of one of the dailies suggests that the five lakhs and odd of Sadhus in India should be compelled to join the army and that they would make a fine corps of soldiers while he himself should continue

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his gloriously useful function of quill driving. In spite of these attacks against them, there is not the least doubt that they exert a great influence on society. They are the only supports for our religion and for all that religion stands for. They are the custodians of our Dharma and if we discard them, we discard everything that is best in us. Recently, the swami of one of the big Mutts visited my place and demanded a month's income from his deciples. Many paid it willingly, some even more, while a few went to the swami and protested against this demand. On the Guru explaining to them that the money is not for his use, but to the up-keep of the hundred Pundits and Pundit-pupils who are under him, they asked him why he should maintain this moving University with him. This incensed the swami and he replied, "Sirs, what do you want me to do? Shall I keep a toddy shop or a shaving saloon? Whichever you prefer. Our learning is neglected in these days and it is the duty of us, Sanniyasins, to protect our sciences and we need your

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help once in a dozen or fifteen years." The Reformers could not argue further and I do not know whether they left the place wiser for the talk. In these days when loyalty is to be shouted from the house-tops, some benevolent gentlemen have induced a Sanniyasi of a big Mutt to send a manifesto to our Governor, wishing success for England in the present war. "AHIMSA PARAMO-DHARMA" is the watch-word of our sages and even the Pope, they say, died of a broken heart on account of the present war. Whosoever is in the right, whosoever wins, the carnage and destruction of life is appalling. Instead of grieving over this waste of human lives, this message of the Indian Sanniyasin is against the spirit of his calling. Loyalty must be shown in deed and in proper help by all citizens, but one who has renounced this world's joys and sorrows, must not join the throng. Mismanagement and ruinous waste of charitable endowments must be stopped by all means. but here as in everything else, the popular voice must prevail and not the judicial order.

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Many our of English educated men are not at all conversant with our literature, our ways of thought and expression. Oriental ideas are to be expressed in occidental methods, because of their familiarity with the latter ahd therefore European men and women, who pretend to know our literature, command a greater respect from these people. It is thus THEOSOPHY has been able to get a following from amongst the English-educated classes of this country, especially of South India. The pundit class and the mass of the people have not been affected by this school of thought and fortunately for our Nation, some recent blunders of the THEOSOPHISTS committed in their propaganda have been an eye-opener to many. But there are still others, who would not see. The Sanniyasi element is still commanding the homage of the masses and as long as there is this veneration and esteem for this outward symbol of utter Renunciation, our national ideals cannot be destroyed. The Ramakrishna Mission which has been so auspiciously

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brought into being by that great Patriot-Saint, whose powerful voice reverberated all the world over from the platform of the Parliament of Religions, has set up a new field of activity to suit the times. The English educated man can no longer complain that the Hindu society has not made any provision for directing his exuberant spiritual energy into useful channels. Let those young men, who are proud of their birth, who are proud of their ancestors and who feel proud of their national achievements in the past find this philanthropic organisation, ready at hand controlled and managed by the self-sacrificing spirit of a handful of India's best sons. It is with a feeling of love and reverence that I am moved to see that even in these dark days of our national history, this new institution is run by young, vigorous and active anchorites, alive to all modern influences, belying the pet theory of many of the westerners that our Sanniyasis are an idle lot and that all activity is incompatible with the Sadhu life. One would certainly sigh

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with relief when he compares the money spent by the state and the people for the maintenance of the priests in western countries, with that of the East. One common sunday preacher costs the Nation a sum which will perhaps maintain a dozen of our homeless wandering monks, in great affluence for months and months. At the head of all Hindu National Revivals, it is these penniless sages alone that have stood steady and cheerful. Take away their chapter from our history then there is no history left for us. Therefore let us not run amuck by abusing and ignoring those scions of the very men who through ages of misfortune, exploitation and foreign domination have preserved for us those noble vestiges of our Motherland in the days of her glory.

The third structure of our National basis is the much abused caste system. Critics are not wanting, who will come and say, we have degenerated, because we are a caste-ridden people. So much has been said both by Indians and foreigners about

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this social structure, that the name caste has become the particular property of the Indian people. In spite of all adverse and often thoughtless criticisms directed against this institution, I am inclined to beleive that on its good side, it has done immensely more good than on its bad side. To put it shortly, it has done more good than harm. No doubt it has its bad side and we have committed some blunders there. I am not one of those that swear that all things Indian is good and the rest bad; but I am for taking a careful view of the situation and decide the issues on their own merits. We are in an age of powerful transition—one of the most powerful which our India has ever had. Being in it and in an eager desire and zeal for reform we often take note of the good points of an alien custom and the bad points of ours. Each institution must, first of all be examined on all its aspects, before any reconstruction is thought of. Reform is essentially a constructive process and not a destructive one. It is not A CHANGE as is often understood

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now-a-days. It is a plan of progress towards a social ideal where SETTLED RELATIONS exist between one member and another for the well-being of the whole. This is what our caste system as fundmentally laid down has been trying to do. Every social system must have some margin to suit conditions prevalent at different times and when destructive criticisms are made this must be carefully considered. When the conditions become unhealthy the right way of setting about reform is not to change the system but to alter the unhealthy conditions into healthy ones. Caste system prevails in some fore or other everywhere in the world and I beleive, it is inseparable from human existence. It is the key to harmony and well-being of the social system as a whole. Caste system in India has tended towards erroneous and weakening multiplications which have contributed some part, though not so much as it is reported to be, to the disruption of society. Whereas on the other hand the social confusion in the western societies

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is simply appalling. Take for instance the industrial unrest, which is a marked feature of the modern times. Remedy after remedy has been tried and found useless. No receipe would answer the disease. Socialism, Trade-Unions, Syndicalism are all being tried, but I do not think they are nearer the solution. Guild-Socialism is the latest pill.

Its feature is the fixity of occupation under genial surroundings, secured through the monopoly of labour. What has been attempted in India is, the hereditary castes in place of the Guilds now coming into existence in Europe. Apart from the acquired character in the hereditary castes, there is the advantage of environments, practical instruction and certainty of occupation. Besides, the son of a cobbler is never more fitted to be a carpenter than the son of a carpenter. It seems to me that the grand scientific truths contained in our Philosophy has been concretised in our Society. Just as there is the Unity of the Soul behind the multiplicity of forms, so also, there is

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UNITY OF INTEREST in our society amidst the diversity in form. The highest animal of the creation, MAN, shows the maximum differentiation in structure and function. The combined effect of all is the healthy condition of the organism and the function of each of the organs is to retain its form and do its work without disturbance to or by others. Take the head for instance. This is the most delicate and highly evolved structure of the human body. Its concern is the well-being of the whole body. It encases the brain, which is the central controlling and directing agency. It receives impulses from the senses, records them, decides what is to be done and issues instructions as to what should be done. If the brain gets deranged, co-ordination is lost, the organs work at random, the rhythmical working of the various systems of the body is upset. The organism may live, but that life is not worth living. Think of a human life without brains! The Brahmins, whoever that constituted that class, formed the brain of our social organism. Next to the

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Brahmin, the brain, come the arms, the KSHTRIYAS. The arms weild weapons of offence and defence to protect the brain. If the arms are inactive, a blow might land on the head and paralyse the arm. Although the arm has not suffered directly, it has suffered more by inaction and neglect of its duty. The one cannot afford to lead a healthy life without the other. Next in importance, come the lower extremities, the thigh and the leg. The thighs are strong, stout and well-built. They are the pillars of the trunk and between them they support the head and the arms. They are the VAISYAS the rich well-to-do merchants, who, by wealth, earned by their work, support the rest. When the thighs are in pain, the arms come round and gently massage and support the injured part, the head sends for a Doctor and devices some means for giving relief. A diseased thigh cannot support the body. Last of all, but not the least important on that score, come the legs. If the thighs bear the weight of the body, the legs support the body, thighs and all. But for them,

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men will be crawling animals. Even in these days of swift locomotion, no one can get on without his legs. It bears the weight of the body, it carries the weight; in the strong it is steady, and in the thin it is swift. All weathers are the same. It must do its work and the head and arms should do all their best to nurse these important organs. When there is an injury to the foot, the head bends low, inspects the sore, the arms wash the wound and apply the necessary cure, while the thighs refuse to transmit their weight to the worn-out leg,—and this leg is the SUDRA class. How is it possible for one organ to remain independant of the other? Each one is important in its place and that is the ideal of our Social Organisation. No man is a sinner for having born in any caste. His salvation lies in the proper discharge of his duties, particular to his station and his calling. Legs must do legs' work, the head, the brains work. There can be no possible and yet healthy interchange of duties. If the head refuses to do its work or dissipates its

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energies, then the whole body suffers. Every part must be prepared to do its work, not only for itself, but for the others as well and caste system is a plan, a scientific scheme, where by, men have to learn to live in peaceand harmony. The underlying principle of the arrangement is SELF-SACRIFICE, a sacrifice of small pleasures, a meagre whim and a fleeting fancy for the benefit of the society as a whole. Corporate existence is the keynote of all Hindu institutions. Still there is no denying that caste system has had its evil side as is illustrated in India to-day by the innumerable sects and subsects, all at war with one another and against each other. Such a disgraceful cleavage should be ended and the original harmony must be restored.

The Unit of society in India is the family and not the individual as in the west. The family is a self-governing unit, the arena where the individuls are taught those great lessons rarely taught practically even in the best Universities of the world, that lesson of BROTHER-HOOD aud SELF-SACRI FICE.

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The home of the joint family is the refuge of the widow, the helpless, the maimed and the ignorant. True, it has not accumulated wealth in the hands of a few to the impoverishment of the many. On the contrary, it has given contentment to all. The man that earns more, easily shares his gains in common with the rest. Individuals learn the art of giving,—first learning to give to their kith and kin and after the first lessons are learnt, then they learn to give to others, who are not of their blood. The family Punchayat saved the ruinous litigation of our people. Every family contributed the share of men and money for the National welfare. The loss of life during wars and troublous times was made good by the rest of the members of the family, who protected the dependents of those that had served their King and Country. The family formed the training ground for the control of all wicked emotions of mankind. Jealousy, envy, malice and selfishness were curbed and men grew as men; and women,—the daughters-in-law—strangers

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to the family before wedlock, learnt to live and love one another as sisters. Such are some of the blessings of family life and if the system is considered wrong, then it is not its fault, but that the men who constitute the society have degenerated in their character. English education has given a serious blow to this great bulwark of our NATION. But it is an assuring fact to see that many families still exist on the old lines and it is these families that carry on our National traditions in their true and genuine character. It is often said that modern conditions are not very conducive to the developement of this system. All the members of the family do not live in one place. Cheap and easy means of conveyance coupled with the keen struggle which the present civilisation has forced on us, take away the members of a family to far off places. The influence of family tie is weakened, selfishness predominating, the earning member tries to have all the advantage to himself. Besides, joint family system is supposed to foster idleness in some

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members of the family. But there is another side to this question. Idleness exists in all climes independent of the influence of the family. Therefore, leaving aside those idle men, who are so by temperament and by, perhaps, ignorance, I think there will be precious few who are made wanton idlers by this system. Supposing it were so, the advantages claimed and observed are far in excess of the defects. No system is absolutely good or absolutely bad. They are only relatively so. Where the advantages are numerous and disadvantages few, it is generally considered good. Even in the case of those people who happen to leave the family in search of wealth, labour and employment, it is expedient that they should consider themselves members of the family with all its responsibilities. There will come a time, when the worn-out wanderer would return home, to the place of his early joys and sorrows as most of us undoubtedly do. The right of entry to the ancestral home, with all its traditions is not denied to us. We shall not have the absurd

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scene so common in the west, a rich father, a poor son; a wealthy elder brother, and a half-starving younger brother: one of the daughters of the family—a refuge in a miserable work-house, a grandson in an orphan asylum and a cousin in the bushes of Australia, whose whereabouts are sunk in oblivion. There is yet another feature which strikes an eastern observer as something very funny. A son comes home with his wife to his parents and when the couple leave, they settle their accounts and pay their bills. A brother comes and stays with his brother and pays for his board and lodging. To a westerner there is nothing wrong in this. It is quite natural to him, because it is the result of his social constitution. The social ideal of the west is different from that of the east and it is useless to judge our society by those standards.

The next and perhaps one of the most important basis of Indian Nationalism is the Geographical Unity. The unity is quite apparent on the map and is never

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disputed. Of all the countries on earth, it is India alone that has been a self sufficient unit, containing as it does all the physical features of a continent, with all the resources and advantages arising therefrom. We have the highest mountains in the world, which are the reservoirs of all the spiritual culture of our Race. They form the homes of all the homeless ascetics of our land, where nature's caves shelter them from the inclemency of a rough weather. The gorgeous valleys, wonderful landscapes, genial, atmosphere, the awe-inspiring tiers of rocks capped with the pure and glistening snow the herbs and plants, roots and leaves have all welcomed the subtle man and there in those solitudes of wilderness have our sages held communion with that eternal spirit whose seat is in the holy Kailash. Hrishikesh, Badrinath, Bramakapalam, Haridwar and Mayavati have all their lovely tales of ages to tell. How many holy daughters spring from the bosom of the Parvatha Rajah, to enrich the land of Barata, to bless her sons with peace, happiness and glory

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for ages! No Hindu can afford to forget the favourite mantram which is repeated every day in all bathing ghats from Cape Comorin to the farthest limits of Cashmir and which. in its simplicity and significance, stands symbolic of the underlying unity of our land.

Om Gangecha Yamunechaiva Godavari, Sarasvathi, Narmada, Sindu Kavari, jalesmin sannidhim kuru.

If occidental nations could feel proud of Father Tiber and Father Thames, which are no bigger and no better than the Adyar or the Coovum, we can with greater justice feel highly proud of our gigantic rivers which breaks out into golden deltas which have become the granaries of the world. As for climate, we have all climates from the best to the worst. Forests, deserts, lakes, hills, seas and every variety which nature could afford to bestow on mankind is ours. Variety in unity is the key-note of India's message and her geographical picture bears witness to this fact as much as her varied population, manners, customs, literature and creeds. The Indian Empire

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is not a new thing in India. It is as old as Hindu History. The Barata Varsha and the Baratakhanda of our daily sankalpa is as old as our tradition. The national idea has more than once been grasped by individual rulers,—Asoka, Vikramaditya and Akbar. Even during the epic period, Yuddhistira performed Rajasuyagam and to the assembly then held, kings from all parts of India came—from Gandara, Dravida, Ceylon and Cashmir to mention only a few. Sri Rama's coronation was an event of like import. It is not without any purpose that Hindu Shrines are so far apart from the holy Rameswaram to the sacred Haridwar. The 108 Thirupathies of the Vaishnavas are distributed all over India.

The diversities of races and creeds far from being antagonistic to the national idea, form the very basis of its structure. Unity of some sort is essential for national self-consciousness but mere racial unity counts for nothing. The Negroes of North America do not constitute a nation. The British Nation which is composed of four and even

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five racial elements has a strong national consciousness. America—the United States —is composed of all nationalities of Europe —good, bad and indifferent—yet the American Nation is a fact. How races have fused into one nation! India is no exception. Modern Germany is yet another instance of a nation with diverse racial elements. A distinctive common language though a desirable item for a national development, is yet not an essential. A small state like Switzerland is divided among three languages, and Ireland between two. The Hindu —Mohomedan question is a growth of modern times carefully nurtured and guided by interested parties. It was better solved in the middle ages when Mohomedan and Hindu rulers held saway in India. W. M. Torrens in his "Empire in Asia" says (P. 106), "Neither Moselm nor Hindu was incapaciated for public employment on account of the belief in which he had been brought up. Mahomedan princes gladly confided to learned and astute Brahmins civil trusts of importance; and many a

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moslem rose to honour and won fortune in a Maharajah's camp. The ministers of Haider Ali, who concealed for a time the event of his death, were Hindus of the highest caste; and when a chancellor or the Exchequr was to be appointed at Morshedabad, the Nawab Nizam tried to have Nuncomar appointed instead of Mahomed Razakhan. Sivajee was a bigot and Tippoo a fanatic. But the Government of Southern Asia, when we began to meddle in their affairs, were strangers to the system of penal laws which were then among the cherished institutions of our own and nearly every other European State. While no catholic in Ireland could inherit a freehold, command a regiment or sit on the judicial bench; while in France, the Hugenot weaver was driven into exile beyond the sea, while in Sweden none but Lutheran could sit as jurors; and in Spain no heritic was permitted christian burial—Sunnies and Shias, Maharattas and Sikhs competed freely for distinction and profit in almost every city and Camp of Hindustan. The

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tide of war ebbed and flowed as in christian lands, leaving its desolating traces more or less deeply marked upon village homesheds or dilapilated towers. But mosque and temple stood unscathed where they had stood before—monuments of architectural taste and piety, unsurpassed for beauty and richness of decoration in any country of the world."

It is needless for me to traverse those well-known contributions of Persi-Arabian culture towards the historic evolution of India. How is it possible for us to think of India of to-day without the period of Mahomedan History? How is the architecture of India complete without the great Taj in it? What about those rich and valuable additions of Persian art and litrature to those of old India? Indian Mahomedans are no longer foreigners. They have become one of the natives and whatever befalls our land, ill or well, they have to share those burdens equally with the Hindus. As members of the Indian Nation, they could have no diversity of interest.

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But as courtizans currying for official favour they may have a small interest to serve their own precious ends. That does not affect that mass of the population who form the backbone of the country.

Another important basis of Indian Nationalism is the literature of our land. It is not given to any mortal man to conjecture about the date and the origin of the world's earliest literature. For a long time the primitive man did not find the necessity of a written language. But sounds were there and I believe they exist ever since existence came in. Philosophers would say the sound and the word came first and then the world. But whatever it may be it is a long stage between the spoken and the written language. The ability to symbolise thought and its impressions and record them is indeed refinement not much in vogue in the earlier stages of human society. Written language by itself connotes long ages of preceding culture. According to some records and the suggestions of men like Maxmuller, the earliest records of Rig Veda

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which is the earliest literature existing in the world, are as old as six thousand years. But imagine how many thousand years of development should have rolled away before these supposed six thousand years, to enable the race to arrive at the level of writing down a high philosophical book with the necessary accomplishments of good grammar, good phrases and efficient literary style. Who can boldly penetrate into those bygone ages to verify and find out the birth of an eternal Dharma? Even the so-called scientific minds of the west have to nod with wonder at this beginningless peice of human thought. Well may they exclaim in utter bewilderment, the East is a land of mysteries far too difficult to unravel, far too subtle to be probed by the crude effects of a poorly developed material science! The large volume of philosophical literature which is the pride of India and which has been her great solace in her dark days, is a heritage left for few nations in the world. The history of human evolution from the earliest times

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is to be found in the Sanskrit language. The history of the oldest living race which has enlivened all the others, the records of bold thoughts and scientific conclusions, compared to which, modern science is but a child's play is ours. The epics, the biggest of their kind, have been the best vehicle of the transmission of the national culture from each generation to the next. The far reaching character of the basic ideals of Indian culture have impressed themselves in various ways. Of the idealism of Upanishads, Prof. Paul Deussen says " We do not know what revelations and discoveries are in store for the restlessly enquiring human spirit, but one thing we may assert with confidence, whatever new and unwonted paths the philosophy of the future may strike out, this principle (of the Upanishad) will remain unshaken." The educational value of epics is unquestionable. It appeals to all, literate, illiterate, men, women and children alike ; all are united in a common culture. Our ideal of a just and heroic man must still be the Rama of the great Valmiki,

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our women's ideal must ever be the patient, loving, modest Sita—true and faithful to her Lord. The Puranas—the much abused literature in the hands of some of our educated men of the present day—even they have played a great part in our national evolution. Moral education leagues, and similar other institutions cannot mould the nation's character so effectively as our puranas have done. It is not the mere story that has any value but the fundamental truths so fascinatingly embodied in it that so strongly appeals to the common mind. They are the national heroic literature and poor indeed is the nation that does not possess such popular methods for the expression of high and absolute ideas. Besides these there are the popular ballad songs which do not come under the class of literature as such.

India is a strange land for one who does not know her. She is full of apparent contradictions but a lovely reality of unity is the groundwork on which her national edifice stands. Spirals and counter spirals

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of every age and clime can be found in this time honoured monument of human skill and energy. Says Swami Vivekananda "In India in every age there is a cycle of sects which represents every gradation of physical practice, from the extreme of self torture to the extreme of excess; and during the same period will always be developed a metaphysical cycle, which represents the realisation of God as taking place by every gradation of means from that of using the senses as an instrument to that of the annihilation of the senses. Thus Hinduism always consists as it were of two counter spirals completing each other round a single axis."

Be not led away by the apparent differences; look deep and think well. Unity of ideal is the one thing necessary for all national awakening. But build on good foundations. Have heart and courage, energy and will as becomes the descendents of illustrtddous Rishis of yore. Revivify the paralysed limbs of Mother India with all the vigour of true sons. Be not led away by the

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glaring attractions of the modern occidental civilization and loose the grip of your own. Have faith in yourselves and make those traditional virtues of our race effectively felt for the good of our land. In the words of that philosopher—politician of England Lord Morely of Blackburn "The star of strength and greatness rises or sinks in a nation according to the proportion in its numbers of men and women with courage, energy, will, and open, supple, teachable intelligence and then besides, on their power of making their qualities effectively felt. If we are, in Carlyles' genial phrase, millions mostly fools and if those who are not fools are as but dumb dogs, then the case is deperate". Indian Nationalism is not an impossible utopia. It must have its foundation on those time honoured bed rocks of eternal truths, and its inspiration must not be hatred or self-seeking. It must be one of love—of intense unselfish and pure love ; first for our mother land, then of England and all the world and the greatest weapon for securing this end is true and

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honest service not at the feet of an individual or power but that pure and disinterested service at the alter of our Bharat-Mata. Allow me to conclude in the words of an illustrious thinker "Indians we all are, and therefore our only possible perfection consists in the development of Indian nature we have inherited from our forefathers. Centuries of real development, of civilization of noble fidelity to all the highest ideals men can worship, have fixed for ever the national character of India; and if we be not true to that character, if we be not genuine Indians, we can never be perfect men, full and strong men, able to do a true men's part for the good of our Motherland. Our forefathers are our best models and patterns; they alone can show us what common Indian nature can and ought to be. We must copy their greatness and their goodness; truly worthy are they of affectionate and reverent imitation, for were they not men of renown in their day, one of highest saintliness, of Indian genius and learning of might and valour—look to your forefathers, read

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of them, speak of them; not in unworthy mendicant eloquence, nor yet in vulgur boasting about our ancient glories while we squat down in disgraceful content with our present degeneracy, nor least of all in miserable petty controversy with the hireling liars who calumniate our dear India. No! but to learn from them what you ought to be, what God destined Indians to be."